Hē doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſeldome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder above, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch unquiet that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) having all loſt,
By waves from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapēn'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yēt ceaſe your ire, you angry Stars of hēaven,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) doe obey you.
Alas the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And having throwne you from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all hee'l crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you, Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before us, even now.

1. Alas

1. Alas poore ſoules, i
What pittifull cryes they
When (welladay) we c
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid no
When I ſaw the Porpas,
They ſay, they are halfe
A plague on them, they
Maſter, I marvell how
1. Why as men doe a
The great ones eate up t
I can compare our rich M
As to a Whale; plaies a
Driving the poore Fry b
And at laſt devoure the
Such Whales have I he
Who never leave gapin
The whole Pariſh, Chu
Per. A pretty Moral
3. But Maſter, if I ha
I would have beene tha
2. Why man?
3. Becauſē he ſhould
And when I had beene
I would have kept ſuch
That he ſhould never h
Till he caſt Bels, Steepl
But if the good King S
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge
That rob the Bee of he
Per. How from the
Theſe fiſhers tell the i
And from their water
All that may men app
Peace be at your labou
2. Honeſt, good fel
Search out of the Kal

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